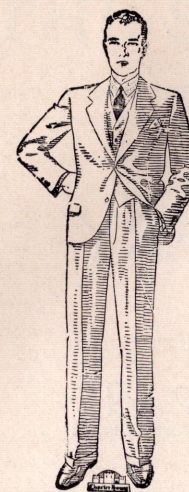


THE STUDENT'S PEN

MARCH, 1931



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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

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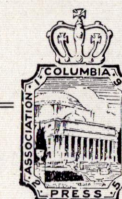


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PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM

EDITORIALS



Post Graduates and Mid-Year Graduations

ONE of the most interesting occurrences at Pittsfield High School this semester is the return of forty-seven graduates of the January '31 class. Although it is pleasant to see them in the classrooms once more, one wonders at their return in such large numbers. But the probable reason for the enrollment of most alumni was one of these three: the need of extra credits to enter higher institutions of learning; the difficulty of securing a position during the business depression; or the long period of idleness before entering college in September.

All of these "P. G.'s" were extremely wise in undertaking the post-graduate course. Rather than waste valuable hours in inactivity, many preferred to "brush up" in their studies, while others turned to subjects they had not previously taken. These decisions were wise since the work will undoubtedly be of benefit in the near future either to the college student or the young man or woman who has entered the business world. Those in need of extra credits for the much coveted certificate required for college entrance, are working with far more zeal than the carefree undergraduate.

But the present "P. G." situation, added to overcrowded conditions in the building is making extremely large classes of students of unequal abilities, as some of the post-graduates are already acquainted with the subjects. This is the cause of much embarrassment on the part of the soph, junior, or senior who cannot compete with advanced students. The graduate need not be as punctual or attentive as his younger schoolmate. He may "cut" classes or be absent for several days without worry.

When one has analyzed the predicament thoroughly, he will probably attribute the faulty system to mid-year graduation. Nothing is a greater strain on the faculty and administration. January graduations require revised schedules for every teacher and student. There is the compiling of marks, the filing of records, the planning of graduation exercises, and one hundred one other tasks which need much attention. Schools in large communities have but one graduation annually. In the meanwhile the number of students at Pittsfield High is steadily increasing. A change must undoubtedly be made.

In his annual report, Mr. Strout recommended the "one graduation a year" plan. It is hoped that the city fathers will enact legislation to the desired effect when we enter the new building.

The Editor

Half Year Promotion Plan

IN answering such an important question as "Is the half year promotion plan successful?" both sides must be taken carefully into consideration. The main argument used by those who are "for" the plan is, that in case of a long illness or absence, the pupil is not obliged to lose a whole year, but only a half. This is certainly true and is an important point in favor of the plan.

However, on the other side there are many fine arguments. Doing away with the half year promotion plan would do away with the entire reorganizing of the high school which takes place each semester. It would do away with the necessity of having two Junior Proms, two Senior Plays, and two graduations every school year. Another disadvantage of the half year promotion plan is that the majority of colleges and universities will not permit students to enter in January. This compels those of the January graduating class who wish to enroll in a college which receives classes only in September, to mark time for eight months before entering. Thus, they will be in the very same college class as those who graduate in June.

These are the arguments for and against the half year promotion plan. We leave it to you to decide which point of view is the correct one.

Nancy Walker '32

The New High School

IN one of our recent assemblies, our principal spoke of the destruction and marring of school property. In his short speech, he mentioned effective ways to teach pupils a lesson in thoughtfulness.

This recalls to mind the prosecution by law of a student in a neighboring town for ruining a desk. We hardly think it will be necessary for such an example to be set for us when we occupy our new headquarters. The pupils of Pittsfield High are intelligent people. They have waited and watched for the first signs of a new high school. They are too delighted with the aspect of new classrooms, deliberately or thoughtlessly to write or mark on the desks and walls of our new structure.

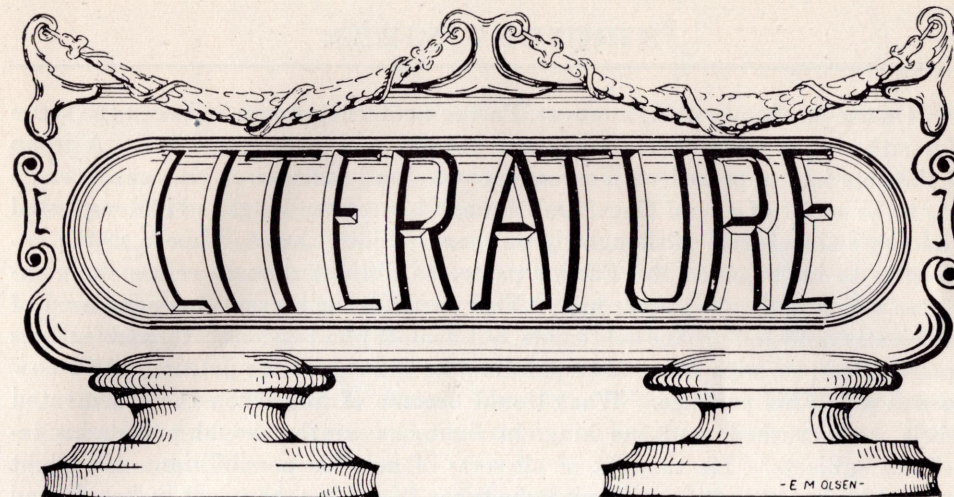
We think that the pupils entering the new high school for the first time, although not having had a taste of the old one, are so much elated over having escaped it, that they will be sincere in the effort to be careful.

The cost of our high school will be paid directly from the pockets of our parents. None of us would foolishly destroy our parents' salary.

Those of us who have watched the progress of the edifice have noted the hours of labor of hundreds of men, not only through the day but often through the long hours of the night. It has taken centuries for man and nature to complete the material used in its construction.

We have faith in the majority of our fellow students and believe that they will guide others who have not as yet learned the lesson of thoughtfulness.

Olive Hawley '32



The Transformation of Timothy Parker

TIMOTHY PARKER was somewhat uneasy. He sat in his handsome Beacon Street residence, in the midst of his imported parlor furnishings, surrounded by all the luxury which wealth could procure, and yet he was uneasy. He gazed into the fire, and slowly sipped the port wine which his servant had brought him, and thought, and thought; but the more he thought, the more uneasy he became.

Now to those who knew Timothy Parker, this disquietude would have seemed somewhat strange. For, was he not one of Boston's richest merchants, a fellow of Harvard College, and one of that line of Parkers who, since John Winthrop's time, had always been leaders in Boston life and men of weight in the councils of the Colony? Moreover, the man's stern, grave exterior made any outward sign of uneasiness quite uncommon. His household slave, black Scipio, realized this, and viewed with alarm his master's evident agitation.

But the master was too much lost in his thoughts to observe his servant's worry, and, even had he noticed, he would not have explained its cause.

What were the thoughts which were passing through Timothy Parker's fine, patrician head, as he sat with the firelight glinting on his gold embroidered waistcoat, and tinting his starched frills and powdered wig with a ruddy glow? Surely they were not happy ones, for the clouds of rebellion and coming war were gathering fast over Massachusetts, and especially over Boston, in this the autumn of the year of Our Lord 1774, and Timothy Parker was perplexed and worried. He was an aristocrat through and through, and, as such, his sympathies were all with the king and his servants in the Colony, but he was also a lover of his home and the comfort which he enjoyed therein, and he had a vivid recollection of the infuriated Patriot crowd throwing Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson's wonderful library into the street and tramping with violent feet over his Oriental rugs and polished floors. He hated rebels as he hated Evil, yet he did not wish openly to choose either side and thereby subject himself to the rancor of the other. So for several years he had steered a middle course, without declaring himself either way.

On the day in question, however, Parker's counting-house had been the scene of a gathering of which its stately owner was but an unwilling member. A group of Patriots had appeared with a remonstrance and petition of grievances which was to be sent to General Gage, and through him to the king, and had requested Timothy's signature. Although by no means willing thus to appear to the authorities to have joined the Patriot party, he did not dare to refuse the committee which had called upon him. This particular gathering was composed of sufficiently mild and urbane gentlemen, but Timothy had visions of tar and feathers none the less; so, with fear and trepidation, he had signed the petition. And now he was doing his penance. What would become of him when these demented rebels were crushed, and the king, in righteous wrath, should punish his rebellious subjects? He thought of all sorts of horrible possibilities. He might be tried for treason; his goods might be taken from him; he might be imprisoned he might even be hanged! At this last thought, Timothy gasped aloud, and felt of his silken cravat as if to assure himself that the noose was not already about his neck.

Suddenly, an idea came to Timothy. It was not yet too late to mend his error. He would go to General Gage, and would explain how circumstances had made it necessary for him to appear to take a stand of which he did not approve. Thus would he set things right. But just at that moment he was frightened almost out of his wits at another reflection. His face and figure were well known in Boston, and if he should be seen climbing the steps of the Province House, would not the Patriots at once see through his double dealing and wreak vengeance upon him? In an agony of baffled fear, the American grandee rose from his chair and paced frantically up and down the luxurious parlor, wringing his hands and muttering to himself.

Suddenly his gaze fell upon Scipio, and he sought relief for his emotions at the expense of that unfortunate servitor. With a face like a storm-cloud, he glared at the astonished negro, and in thunder-tones he roared, "Well, what are *you* doing here?"

"Nu . . . nuthin' massa," replied the trembling object of Timothean wrath.

"Your usual occupation!" snorted Timothy. "However, do it elsewhere at present, and if I find you spying about me again, I warn you it will be the worse for you!"

Scipio departed from the room with a precipitancy which betokened anything but sorrow at leaving it. Timothy, left alone, sank wearily into his wing chair and gazed into vacancy. He knew many of his servants were loyal Patriots, and he feared that they would tell their party of anything which he might do to aid the Royal cause. Finally, however, he rose and rang the bell. A very humble Scipio appeared in response to the summons.

"Scipio," said Timothy in a whisper.

"Yas suh."

"Take this key, and go to the cellar under the back parlor. Open the second door on the right, and take two dozen bottles of the wine which you will find there. Put them into two baskets, and then come to my chamber. And mind you don't let anyone else know or see what you're doing."

"Why, suh, dat's de best Madeira! Two dozen bottles, suh, oh mah goodness!"

"Do as I say, and hold your tongue!" said Timothy, with a look which at once cut off any further protests on Scipio's part.

With stealthy steps, Timothy went up the staircase to his chamber. In a few moments he emerged, muffled from head to foot in a long, black cloak. He was carrying a long, gold-headed staff, and a second black cloak. Just as he left the room, Scipio appeared at the head of the stairs with two covered baskets.

"Why, suh, ah yo' goin' out?" asked the servant. "Will yo' want a lantern?"

"No, fool, and keep still," hissed Timothy. "Bring those baskets and come with me, but first put on this cloak, and mind you keep your face hidden. Don't make a sound. Now, come along!"

Together they descended the stairs, and went out through the front door. The night was pitch dark, with a strong November wind blowing in from the sea. Timothy, shivering, drew his cloak more tightly about him. Then he looked with suspicious anxiety at Scipio, who was plodding silently along behind him in the darkness, carrying the baskets of Madeira. He had fully intended to walk up the steps of Province House with his slave carrying his burdens in the rear as would have befitted a gentleman of his rank, but as he reached the top of School Street his heart sank within him at the thought that Scipio might be suborned by the rebels. He therefore turned abruptly upon the startled negro and said, "Give me the baskets, Scipio, and do you turn and go home at once. Do not on any account stop or look back on the way, and do not tell any one at home or elsewhere where you have been or what you have been doing. Now, go!"

Scipio started to protest, but a more emphatic command from Timothy, usually a gentle, kindly master, sent him homeward muttering to himself that, "Massa' must a gone plumb off in de haid, takin' two dozen bottles ob de best Madeira an' a goin' out on such a night an' den tearin' off alone in a black cloak carryin' dem hebbly baskets all by hisself!" Shaking his head mournfully at his master's sudden aberration, Scipio retraced his steps to the house on Beacon Street.

Meanwhile, Timothy had picked up the baskets and proceeded down School Street, although not without some difficulty. The carrying of any kind of burden was an unfamiliar and disagreeable exercise. Moreover, he had great difficulty in disposing of his long staff so as to leave both hands free for the baskets. Then, as if this were not enough, the wind, which was rising rapidly, whipped the long cloak about his legs until he was nearly tripped up in its voluminous folds.

Finally, however, he reached Province House, where a much startled servant admitted him to the sanctum of the even more startled governor. That executive could hardly believe his eyes when he saw a portly gentleman, bearing burdens and apparently almost exhausted from exertion and agitation, standing before him. When the surprising gentleman threw back his hood and revealed his face, the governor was quite speechless from astonishment.

"Why—why—Mr. Parker—," he gasped at length, when the power of speech had in some measure returned, "Why, Mr. Parker, what do you wish? What can I do for you? Pray be seated."

Timothy stood on one foot, then on the other, then sat down and gazed first at his feet, then at the ceiling, then at the governor, for some time. Finally, with great effort, he began, "Your Excellency, I—I wanted to,—that is, I have come to—to—er, ha hum—to explain something."

Then, slowly, with many apologies and protestations of continued loyalty to the king, the Church, and everything else which was established, Timothy explained how he had found it necessary to be politic with the enemy, how he had signed a remonstrance, how he thought His Excellency would understand his position, etc., etc., and concluded by remarking that knowing that His Excellency liked good wine he had taken the liberty of bringing a small present in that way.

At first, General Gage was surprised, but as this peculiar recitation continued, he came to a conclusion exactly opposite to that which Timothy was trying so hard to bring him to. He decided that the only possible explanation of this man's unheard-of conduct was that he had turned rebel, and was trying to keep his (the governor's) favor in order to act as informer to the traitors. Accordingly, as he listened, his face grew very stern. At length, he rose, and, taking the attitude which a prosecutor might take toward the prisoner at the bar he said, "Do I understand, sir, that you value your allegiance to His Majesty so lightly that you will forswear it for the sake of maintaining your position in the favor of His Majesty's enemies? You have been at fault, sir, very much at fault. With your name and your position, I had expected better things from you. I shall keep this conduct in mind, sir, when I make my report to His Majesty's government in England. In the meantime, if you would avoid very serious trouble, conduct yourself discreetly and with all circumspection. As to your *present*, you may take your *bribe* back where it came from, for I'll none of it. And now, good night, sir."

Poor Timothy almost fainted from terror and dismay. He babbled and raved at the General, and called all the powers of heaven and earth to witness his loyalty. The General, however, took his visitor's discomfiture as damning evidence of his black and treacherous intentions, and bowed him out of the room. In his anxiety, Timothy quite forgot his baskets of Madeira, and the General, having examined their contents, decided that it would be positively disloyal to leave such good wine in the hands of a rebel. He therefore had the baskets removed for safe-keeping to his own cellar.

Timothy never knew how he regained his home that night. He finally reached it, however, and retired in a state of mental distress bordering on lunacy.

The next morning, it was very late before he went downtown to his counting-house. When he reached the place, he found it in the possession of British soldiers whom General Gage, in his suspicion, had sent to search it for smuggled goods. Timothy was still trying to convince the sergeant in command that he was an innocent and much oppressed Loyalist when Scipio came down the street in a haste altogether at variance with his age and usual habits and informed his master that British soldiers were ransacking his house in search of contraband and had seized it for army quarters. In the midst of all this, the committee of Patriots who had waited upon Timothy the day before, and whose petition had been the source of all his woes appeared once more. Upon hearing of Timothy's plight, one of them, Mr. Addison Otis Gray, the ablest lawyer in Boston, de-

clared that he would undertake to free that unfortunate gentleman's property by writs of injunction. In the meantime, he offered to entertain his new client in his own home. These things Mr. Gray did, and Timothy, whose ill treatment which he had received from the British had infused a little energy even into his somewhat spineless nature, turned more and more to the support of the Patriot cause.

* * * * *

It was a beautiful day in the spring. The windows of the old mansion on Beacon Street were admitting warm and pleasant May sunshine through their amethyst panes. In the stately parlor, an aristocratic and handsome old lady sat in an antique wing chair. Before her, on a low settee, sat a little boy. The boy's eyes wandered about the lovely room and came to rest on the painting which hung over the mantle, a work by Gilbert Stuart of a stately, grave man, wearing the uniform of a Colonel in the Continental Army.

"Who was that, Aunt Caroline?" the boy asked.

"That," said the old lady slowly, "was my great-grandfather, Colonel Timothy Parker. He was a thorough Patriot, and a brave soldier, who gave his life for his country's liberty. He was killed at Yorktown, after distinguishing himself throughout the whole war. Liberty had no more determined friend, and you may well be proud to call yourself his descendant and to bear his name."

Little did the old lady know of the mental struggle which that same Timothy Parker had gone through sitting in that very room and in that very chair. Little did she realize from what bitter sufferings that vaunted patriotism had sprung.

Edward S. Willis '32

Psychology

WEBSTER defines psychology as "the science that treats of mental phenomena and their classification and analysis."

Psychology had never made much of an impression in the small town of Madison but after it had—but that will come later.

"Now students, I want you always to bear in mind the fact that psychology plays an important part in every field of endeavor," lectured "Daddy" Maxwell, aged history teacher at Madison High. The old gentleman had been a member of the Madison faculty for 46 years and was highly respected by the undergraduates. He had been both friend and advisor to many students.

After class the members of the Madison High basketball team met in the dressing room and anxiously awaited the arrival of Coach Fielding who had been out of town for two days trying to gain an invitation to the state tournament for his team.

Madison was a town of five thousand inhabitants and boasted of an exceptionally fine basketball team for a small place. The quintet had copped the Western district championship and had dropped only two games, while winning eighteen.

The hoopsters did not have long to wait. In a few minutes the coach came in and broke the good news. The tournament committee had invited Madison to participate in the big event.

The Madison *Weekly Star* lauded the team to the skies and urged the townspeople to back their boys. The whole town had gone basketball crazy. Nu-

merous societies gave benefit shows and dances, the proceeds of which were contributed to the fund which was to be used to defray the expenses of the team.

On a cold March evening the basketball squad, accompanied by fifty loyal rooters entrained for the state capital where the tournament was always held. It seemed as though the whole town had gathered at the station to see the boys off.

Metropolitan life was new to the Madison fellows and they were so interested in the various places they visited that they had little chance to worry about the tournament. Thus they were in the pink of condition when they took the floor against Johnson City in the opening game. The experts had picked J. C. H. to win, for Johnson had a veteran team which had reached the semi-finals the preceding year.

Sixteen thousand fans packed every nook and corner of the huge Arena and standing room was at a premium. The Madison team, led by Captain "Billy" Wilson, appeared very small when compared with their more experienced rivals.

The whistle sounded! Fitzsimmons, elongated Johnson City center, tapped the ball to his right forward—that is to say, he meant to tap it to that man. But "Jack" Allen, stellar Madison guard, cut in front of the forward, took the ball down the side of the court, and passed quickly to Wilson, who was free in the far-a-way corner. The Madison captain caged the shot and the small town boys led, 2 to 0. Close guarding and blocking kept the score down but Johnson City managed to gain a 6-5 advantage at half-time.

The Madison players left the floor, tired and downcast. The town had raised the money for them and now they were in danger of being eliminated in the very first game.

In the dressing room Coach Fielding praised them for their work, "Boys, I'm proud of you. You've got that bunch of giants licked right now. Keep your courage and the breaks will come all right. I'm perfectly satisfied with your showing, so don't worry. Just get in there and play your heads off. And don't forget those fifty home town men up there yelling themselves hoarse for you."

As the coach finished speaking, the door of the room opened, and that familiar character, "Daddy" Maxwell entered. He asked the coach if he might say a few words to his "young friends." The coach assenting, the old school teacher faced the team, "Boys, Madison is proud of you. Just keep battling in the second half and I have every reason to believe that you'll come through. And consider this psychological point: a team representing a town of five thousand, playing on even terms with a quintet representing a city of one hundred thousand. You've played them to a standstill. You've developed an inferiority complex in them. Now don't forget psychology and go out there and triumph."

Inspired by this talk the Madison cagemen took the floor and rode roughshod over their highly touted opponents, to register a 37-13 victory. Back in the old home town the people went wild when news of the triumph reached the *Star* office.

On the following evening the small town basket shooters defeated Allen-ville, 27 to 17, to enter the semi-final round. Newspaper critics were loud in praise of the team and picked them to win over Benton in the semi-finals.

Three hundred more Madison people, including the entire student body and many parents and relatives of the team members, boarded a special train for the state capital the next day.

In the first semi-final game the powerful Dayton High aggregation trounced Wilder High, 42 to 17. Who would face Dayton in the finals? The Benton team was first to come on the floor. They were greeted by loud cheers which were nothing, however, compared to the yell that went up when Madison High came out. The two quintets went about their warming up work in a grim, determined manner. It was quite evident that a real battle was in store for the spectators.

And what a tussle! Neither team held more than a two point advantage at any time and the score stood deadlocked at 17 to 17, at the end of the fourth period. For four periods the teams battled on even terms, and just as the whistle blew to end the fourth extra session "Billy" Wilson hooped one from the middle of the court to put his team into the finals!

The first half of the state championship game was over. Madison rooters were pale. "Why, the boys aren't playing a basketball team; they're playing a bunch of wonder men," they mused. One could easily understand their downcast feelings, for the scoreboard read: Dayton 18, Madison 0. The great Madison team had been held scoreless from the floor!

And now, in this dark hour, "Daddy" Maxwell entered the dressing room in an effort to console the down-hearted basketeers.

"You fellows are up against it, but I have a way to pull you out of this rut," he began. The members of the team grew attentive. He proceeded, "Now if you go back there looking blue, they're going to trim you worse than they did the first half, so let me see you smile. Try hard—that's fine. Here's my plan: Instead of yelling "Bill" when Wilson has the ball, yell, "Hi there, Caesar!"—I know it sounds foolish but if it strikes the Dayton men as funny, we're going to obtain the desired result. They're going to grow careless and before they know it, you're going to draw up on even terms with them. Call each other, Caesar, Cicero, Virgil, Catiline,—anything as long as it is ridiculous. Psychology is the only thing that'll win this game for you. Now let's see some of that 'never say die spirit,' and don't forget to smile!"

Spectators thought that the Madison players had suddenly lost their senses, laughing as if the game were a huge joke. But the contest lost some of its one-sidedness when an eagle-eyed chap whom his mates called "Caesar" hooked three double counters.

The Dayton boys were dazed. This wasn't the erratic team they had opposed in the first sixteen minutes. These fellows were "shooting fools."

Such a remarkable comeback had never been seen in a state tournament tilt. Sixteen thousand fans leaped to their feet and cheered madly when "Jack" Allen dribbled in and caged the tying double-decker. Two successive shots by Captain Wilson put the "Psychologists" out in front and they held the lead until the end, winning by a 32-23 score.

Psychology, according to Maxwell had scored a magnificent triumph! When letters were awarded Madison's State Champions, the popular professor received one with the rest of his boys, and he was also presented with a shield of honor on which was the following inscription, "For injecting Psychology at the proper moment."

Beauty Payments

HOW big is your bill to beauty? Have you been paying it regularly? You will never receive a written statement of the bill, but as you fail to recognize beauty, your bill grows. For every time you recognize beauty, you toss it a coin, a payment. Only you can realize in your soul how much you owe beauty; only you can realize how much you are missing by failing to respond to its thrills.

How few payments we make! How calloused we are to beauty! How we stifle our impulses to recognize it! How few of us care for the three kinds of poetry: the poetry of words, poetry proper; the poetry of sound, music; the poetry of reproduced scene, painting! Yet as children we have a natural tendency to like all three. We begin with "Ring Around the Rosy" at four years old, but at fourteen we are obviously contemptuous toward any semblance of rhymed words. Why? They still have their old charm. They still are enchanting. Of course the difference is in ourselves. Boys have the idea that "he men" do not read "sentimental slosh," as they term poetry. Girls consider that it is silly to read rhymed words when one can get such *nice* stories all in prose. How much we miss! We never can appreciate the beauty of our language until we hear it as poetry. Never can we truly appraise the value of the powers of expression until we see how much a poet can incorporate in a few words.

What is true of the poetry of words is equally true of the poetry of sound, music. "Ring Around the Rosy" can be listed as poetry because, at four years of age, we can never attain a tune. It is only a chant, but it is an attempt at music. We love to hear people sing when we are that age. We sing with more success "London Bridge" and "Go In and Out the Window." Yet at fourteen we have a bored attitude toward music. It is "high-brow." We lose the beauty of the delicate shadings of tone. We fail to appreciate the psychological effect of quiet music on our thoughts, our work, and our play.

The same condemnation applies to the poetry of reproduced scene, painting. The toy shops lay in a goodly supply of picture books. Before babies are out of the infant stage, they are presented with gifts of pictures. They grow up with them. As we reach our teens, we disdain painting. Art is "bunk". Cartoons are different. There is some sense in them. Our attitude clearly shows our mental rating. We will not dig down into the meaning of pictures, to find the true feeling of the scene. How great an influence certain paintings have had on other lives. Millet's painting of a French peasant inspired Edwin Markham to write "The Man with the Hoe." Our lives can be no less responsive.

Our chief argument for our attitude toward these three types of poetry is that we cannot understand them. Must one know the botanical parts of a flower to appreciate its beauty? Of course you need not know the "why" of clouds to sit and watch them, fascinated. Why can't we apply the same principle to other things? As we begin to recognize the loveliness of things, we begin to understand them.

For these three arts we have at least a childish understanding, but unfortunately we must entirely cultivate a responsiveness for the other phases of beauty. We must school ourselves to understand the faces of our friends and appreciate

their beauty. We must study eyes to recognize their lights. We must listen to voices to appreciate their shadings. We must learn to realize that beauty is all around us.

Since we are so blind to beauty, we cannot make payments on our bills. But we can never say that a payment will impoverish us. No, beauty bills are unique. Every time you make a payment, you receive a great rate of interest on it. You not only have the "safe-kept memory of a lovely thing," but your powers of recognizing beauty are greatly increased.

Thrill over beauty, and you need never feel in your soul that you are on the verge of bankruptcy because your beauty liabilities outweigh your beauty assets.

Myrtle Crosier '31

Evening on the Atlantic

HE who has never experienced the thrill of standing against the rail at the stern of a ship at sea, in the night, has surely been denied a rare sensation. The soft gurgling of the steady, swishing waves is heard below as the frothy waters part—the only noise breaking the soft stillness of the night. The jet-black thickness of the water seems magnetizing, seems to draw one. And one cannot help pondering on that long, unending line in the distance, separating a dark sky from a still darker ocean. The moon, a splotch of light against the sky, is a ghostly white in contrast to the black waves and sea. The tiny stars, hundreds of them, appear more sparkling than on land, and lend a touch of friendliness to the scene. A lone sea gull hovers over the vast expanse of water. A strange something within us stirs. God is nearer than ever before.

N. F. D. '31

A Dog

EVER since I can remember I have enjoyed the companionship of a dog, have talked to him, have played with him, and have treated him as only a well loved dog can be treated. Where is the child who does not like to pat a dog's head, pull his tail, or ride on his back, no matter what dog it may be?

A dog's value is not understood till a person has had him for a considerable length of time. No matter what kind of dog he is, if he is understood, then he is the dog of dogs to his master. If the master has played with his dog, if he has watched him on a cold winter night stay near him, or if he has seen him stretched out on a rug and looking up with devotion, then, no matter what people think or say, he is his master's, and his only, and there can be no other, no matter how handsome, to take that dog's place.

People may say that a dog is not worth anything, and that he has no intelligence. But they are wrong. What is the amount of food a dog needs compared to the amount of companionship and pleasure he gives? Even his intelligence is marked. Who has not heard of a dog saving a drowning person or raising an alarm if a fire is starting?

I once read a true story of a dog's intelligence. He had been sold to a person one hundred and fifty miles away, and was shipped there by train. In four days he was back at his old home, a tired but happy dog, after traveling the whole distance alone.

Many days have I spent with my dog, walking through the woods and fields. At times, he would dart into the bushes out of sight, and stay away for a few minutes. Later he would leap out of the bushes onto the path with a happy bark, and put his muzzle into my hand, and his forepaws on my chest.

In this great world there are many dogs, and some stand out above the others. But to all who don't like dogs, and to those who do I say, "There is no companion like a dog, and no dog like mine."

Thomas Harrison '32

That Woodpile

THERE it stood—two whole cords of wood—one of vicious maple and one of unyielding oak, every stick six feet long and about seven inches in diameter. There it stood—with me before it, not knowing whether to weep or to work. I chose the latter, not because I wanted to, but because I had to. Slowly I picked up a piece of maple that looked like a good one to begin on and laid it carefully on a chopping block. Then I took up my axe and let drive. The splinters flew in all directions; I shook from head to foot. Again and again I drove the axe into the log, until it was cut into two parts.

A half hour passed; I was still at it. An hour passed; two hours dragged by, and I was still at it. The muscles in my back hurt; they ached; they screamed for rest. The muscles in my arms were in the same predicament. My hands were worse off; two blisters on my left hand, and three on my right. I thought I had had enough for one day; so, I sank the axe into the chopping block and gazed at my afternoon's work. The sight was enough to annihilate me, for there was at least three-quarters of the pile left. I groaned, knowing that my next three Saturdays were to be ruined.

They say I should be a scientist; I wish I could be an inventor. If I could, I would invent a tree which, when full grown, would be exactly three feet high, seven inches in diameter, have no branches and could be picked, and, in doing so, I would make life more enjoyable for those who would otherwise have to chop wood.

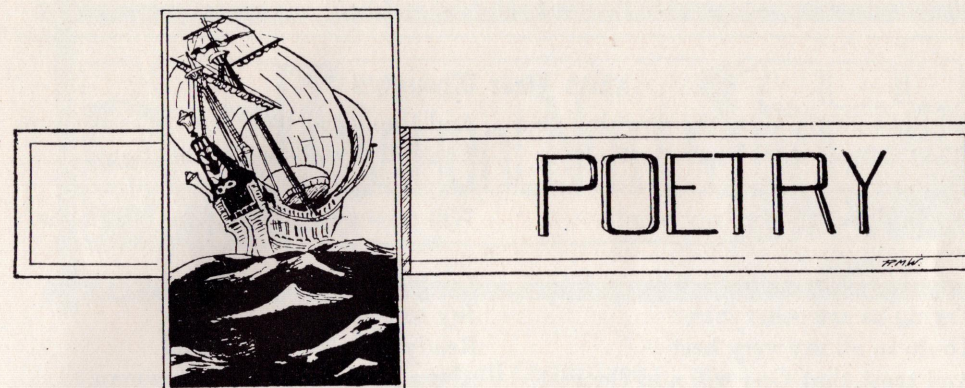
Darwin C. Gallup '32

Early Spring

I saw the trees in early spring
Stand gaunt, and lean, and grey;
Soon in their branches birds will sing,
"Away, Old Winter, away!"

The wind moaned 'round each sleeping bough,
They sighed, they waked, they swayed;
"Tis time," sang the birds, "'tis time right now;
Come, come, Old Winter, away!"

Mildred Armstrong '31



Woods in Winter

The tangled beauty of an untrained wood when it is snowing!
A clinging snow, that softens and transforms the wintered boughs;
That masks the smallest twigs and branches, low within it growing,
And shades the whole a misty grey, to match the leaden clouds.

The grace of lacey brambles, neath the burden white that bends them;
The strength of springy alder, that resists the weight of snow;
The sturdiness of juniper, with scrub stalks upward pointing,
And thorns outstretched to catch the shroud that's falling soft and slow.

The black of winter water, where the mild brook is not frozen
The contrast of the heavy snow upon the ice's rim
The tinted hemlock grove upon the bluff beside the water
Behind it rearing 'gainst the sky, a mountain's outline dim.

The tangled beauty of an untrained wood that's just been snowed on
A clinging snow that softens and transforms the outline bare
Excels, for me, all other beauty of the winter season
For with a white robed forest, nothing can compare.

P. Goodell '31

The Brook

Softly murmuring as it flows,
Over ice-clad rocks and snow;
Winter months have changed its tune
From its joyous song of June.

George Kelsey '33

New Year Thoughts

All through the new, the dawning year
 What danger shall I have to fear?
 Will not One guide me o'er life's strand
 If I but give to Him my hand?

And though at troubled times it seems
 That all my plans are idle dreams,
 May I but trust such days of woe
 Will pass away like storms that blow.

I am but starting out again,
 Trying as are other men
 To do in all my very best—
 And trust that God will add the rest.

I only know that while I live
 Joy to others I may give,
 Ready ever to lend a hand
 Along Life's way to a fellowman.

*Elizabeth B. White '31***Fairyland**

Jewels were floating from the sky—
 Pearls and diamonds from on high.
 A lovely sparkling lacy white
 Dispelled the darkness of the night.

The starry flakes were radiant—
 A beauteous shimmering mass
 Of brilliant twinkling precious stones
 Gleaming like magic glass.

They flashed, and sparkled in the light
 Like many a glittering gem.
 It was a most fantastic sight—
 Sweet Nature's diadem.

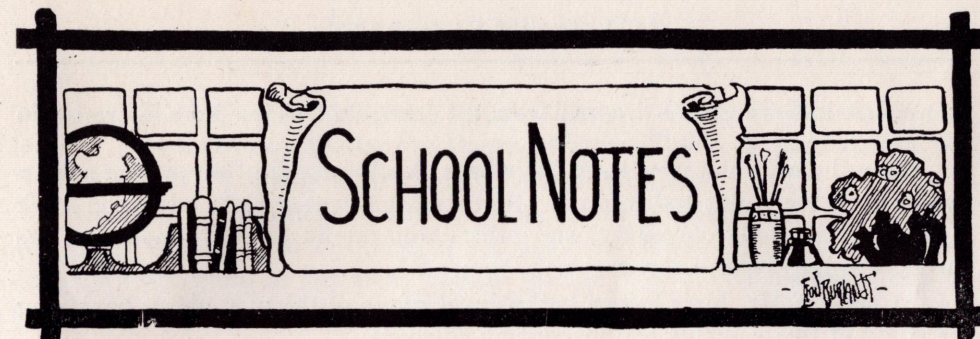
*Marquerite A. Donna '33***Life**

Life is like a candle
 That burns and glows,
 Brilliant at first, it slowly dies
 As the radiance of youth goes.

Now it burns with a steadier flame
 As manhood follows youth;
 Character slowly strengthens
 In the eternal quest for truth.

The mellow light of wisdom
 Beams bright thru the night of years
 Far shine the rays of the candle
 Dispelling doubt and fears.

At last the candle flickers;
 It sputters and dies;
 "Out with the light of the candle!"
 Death cries.

Marvin Kay '34**Council Organizes**

The Students' Council has organized for the year with Fred Calderwood, president, and Roger O'Gara, secretary.

The following committees have been appointed: Executive—Joseph Nilan, Edward Hickey, Norman Dellert, Fred Calderwood, and Roger O'Gara; Assembly—Edward Michelson, chairman; William Greenwood, and David Cullen; Traffic—Calvin Hannum, chairman, Frank Wetstein, and Alan Shepardson.

To date the Council has made several important changes in various school activities. On January 17th it was voted to install again the monitor system in the corridors of the school because it was found that through this plan of student police loss of clothing had been reduced to a minimum. On February 13th the members of the Council decided that all new members of the group this semester should be girls. This was done in an effort to even the representation on the Council.

The Council also went on record as favoring the continuance of the song contest which was not completed last June.

The representatives of the different classes feel that members of the school should bring more problems before the Council. Very often complaints are registered regarding some phase of school life but the matters are seldom called to the Student Council's attention. Thus the Council is again asking the school as a whole to cooperate and aid the members in efficiently solving the problems of the school.

*Roger O'Gara***Many Students Interested In German**

Recently a large number of students enrolled in the beginners' German class conducted by Mr. George Innis, head of the modern language department. This is unusual as most students at P. H. S. have selected either French or Spanish in their courses in past years.

This recalls to the minds of several members of the faculty the interest in the Teutonic tongue in pre-war days, when it was the most popular language offered in the course. When the United States entered the war, the prejudice against Germany and her language was so great that the three daily classes were discontinued, and pupils turned to the Gallic and Castilian languages. The three-

year course in German was dropped from the curriculum as few were interested in it.

Since the war, however, there have been small classes in German pursuing a two-year course. But today many students, who contemplate advanced work in science, especially chemistry, and others who intend to study medicine, are enrolling in the German classes.

At present Mr. Innis has an enthusiastic group of thirty students beginning the study of this valuable and interesting language.

Sophomores Get Pointers

The annual assembly of welcome for sophomores was held in the auditorium on the afternoon of March 2nd. Fred Calderwood, presiding officer, expressed the hope that the lower-classmen would participate in the various activities of the school.

The first speaker was William Greenwood, representing the Debating Club. He appealed to the sophomores to join this group, stressing the fact that an experienced debater acquires poise, self-confidence, and knowledge. Roger O'Gara, speaking on behalf of the Students' Council, urged the students in the afternoon session to make wise choices in selecting their representatives on the Council. He said that the Council will have a great deal of power when we move into the new building, and for that reason no unreliable person should be elected to this body. Joseph Nilan, basketball captain, told the sophomores about the work of the Athletic Council in promoting the various school sports. He asked them to attend the athletic contests and support the teams in every way they possibly could. The last speaker was Edward Michelson, editor of the *Students' Pen*. He emphasized the fact that we must continue to maintain the high standards of *The Pen* of past years and requested the lower-classmen to contribute material. He said that he felt that much of the material for the coming publications should be written by members of the sophomore class.

Pansy Found Guilty

The Debating Club staged its annual mock trial in the auditorium on Wednesday evening, March 4th. The plot was written by Dwight Campbell, a graduate of P. H. S. It concerned the murder of John Harrison, a prominent resident of Lenox who was found dead on the grounds of his estate off the Lenox-Stockbridge road on the evening of November 1st, 1930.

Two persons were indicted for his murder, Francis Pansay, an aviator, and Miss Dorothy Edwards, his financee and private secretary to the murdered man. These parts were taken by Floyd Hinckley and Esther Duker. Roger O'Gara was district-attorney while Edward Michelson and William McKenna were counsels for the defendants. Other parts of lesser importance were taken by the

following: Dr. Thomas Crabtree, Walter Conuel; Detective Dolan, Harold Burch; Miss Harrison, Marguerite Donna; Patrick Donovan, caretaker of the Harrison estate, Jake Zegelbone; Gus Wilson, Elihu Klein.

After two hours, during which time the attorneys questioned the witnesses and made final pleas to the jury, Mr. Pansay was found guilty by the twelve students who served as jurymen. Judge William Greenwood sentenced him to twenty years in prison and the trial was over.

Orchestra and Band Rehearsals Discontinued

Mr. Charles Smith, music supervisor, recently announced that he would not hold any more orchestra or band rehearsals until the student body has entered the new high school building.

The band, however, convened for the two Pittsfield High-St. Joseph's rallies and played before the game and during the half of the final game of the season. This was the first time that a band had represented P. H. S. for such an occasion. Richard Eby led the group.

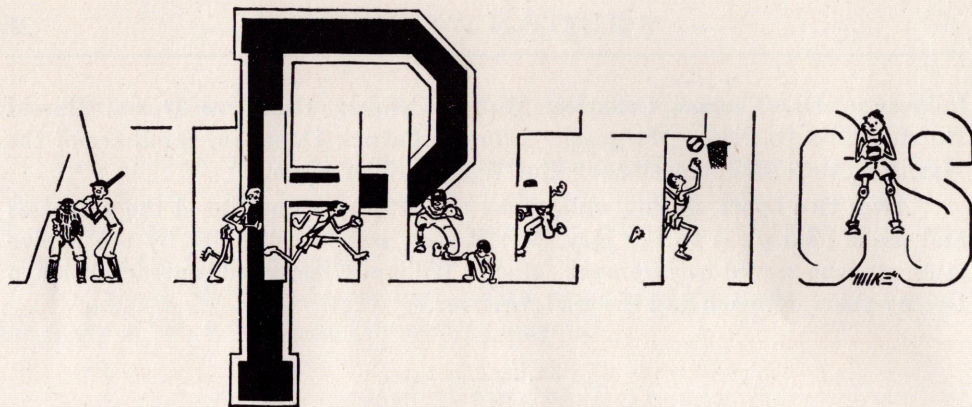
The orchestra will undoubtedly give concerts often as soon as it may enjoy the facilities of the East Street building.

Donald Goeway

Glider Club Is Organized

A group of boys convened in the lecture room March 19th to organize a Glider Club. The following officers were elected: President, Fred Walters; Vice President, Glin Severance; Secretary, James Penoyer; and Publicity Manager, Harry Fresia. Mr. Milan J. Herrick is faculty advisor. The club plans to work on model airplanes and gliders. At meetings, discussions concerning the work will be held.





The Basketball Season

With the defeat of the P. H. S. quintet in the city series, the record of our basketball team has been the worst in many years. The Purple and White hoopsters have been victorious.

Perhaps the bad showing has been due to the loss of four dependable men by graduation for Fetherston, Curtin, Flaherty, and McGivern, completed their courses in January and Coach Stewart was obliged to build a new team with Captain Nilan and "Joe" Vaccaro as a nucleus. However if the hoopsters manage to make a good showing against St. Joseph in the coming city series the season can be termed a success.

In spite of the fact that our quintet is out of the running so far as the county championship is concerned, it succeeded in defeating Bennington High on the Vermonters' home court, a feat which Drury, Adams, and Williamstown were unable to accomplish.

The five opened its season on December 19th when it journeyed to Troy and received a sound 32-13 beating. In the return game here the Purple and White basket tossers put up one of their best games of the season, playing the Empire Staters on even terms for three periods but finally losing out, 22-17. They registered their initial victory over the Alumni aggregation 24 to 13, late in December. Bennington and Dalton were each beaten twice.

Seven county defeats have been chalked up against our team. This makes the season appear very black but it must be remembered that the boys made good showings in all except one of these tilts. Williamstown twice took Coach Stewart's charges into camp by scores of 25-21 and 22-18. The Adams quintet was forced to play two overtime periods before eking out a 24-20 victory on their home court, early in January. The return game here proved very discouraging to P. H. S. rooters for the team went down to an inglorious 22-6 drubbing. Drury and Lenox were other county contenders to take the Purple and White cagemen over. The Tunnel City team won at North Adams, 23-19, while the Millionaires came out on top in a torrid 25-24 contest at Lenox.

Drury again proved too strong for our quintet when they defeated P. H. S. in the return game at the Boys' Club, 27 to 19.

The team will lose Captain Nilan, Vaccaro, Madden, and Hermanski by graduation but with Woitkoski, Spasyk, Melinsky, Arpanti, Allen, Hickey, and Dixon on hand for at least half of next year, it should cut quite a figure in county hoop circles.

All Berkshire

Despite the fact that there was no official county league this season, the teams played enough games with rival Berkshire contenders to warrant picking on All-Berkshire team. The selection of these mythical choices is a habit with everyone interested in the hoop sport and it has become such a fad that it has come to the point where "your guess is as good as the next fellow's."

The sporting staff of *The Pen* wishes its readers to bear this in mind when passing judgment on this All-Berkshire team.

We have seen practically all of the teams in action and we have selected the following All-Berkshire first and second teams.

FIRST TEAM

Nassif, Drury	Forward
McGovern, Adams	Forward
Cassella, St. Joe	Center
Payne, Drury	Guard
Benvenuti, Adams	Guard

SECOND TEAM

Vaccaro, P. H. S.
Leete, Williamstown
King, Searles
Vickery, St. Joe
Madden, P. H. S.

Honorable Mention

Forwards: Nelson, Bennington; Bates, Williamstown; Paro, Adams; Glendon, Dalton; Grady, St. Joseph; Romeo, Lenox; Bernesconi, Lenox; Benway, Searles; Storti, Searles; Piispanen, Chester.

Centers: Raymond, Williamstown; Powers, Adams; Nilan, P. H. S.; Pomeroy, Dalton; Beneat, Lenox; Linden, Chester.

Guards: Fonda, Bennington; Danaher, Williamstown; Daly, Drury; Woitkoski, P. H. S.; De Angelus, Dalton; Chiacchiaretto, Dalton; Gasson, St. Joseph; Consolatti, Lee; Niskanen, Chester; La Fontana, Searles.

The Record

	P. H. S.	Opponents	Place
Troy	13	32	At Troy
Alumni	24	13	Boys' Club
Adams (2 overtime periods)	20	24	at Adams
Williamstown	21	25	At Williamstown
Bennington	32	22	Boys' Club
Drury	19	23	At North Adams
Dalton	24	9	Boys' Club
Troy	17	22	Boys' Club
Dalton	23	10	At Dalton
Adams	6	22	Boys' Club
Lenox	24	25	At Lenox
Boys' Club	26	38	Boys' Club
Williamstown	18	22	Boys' Club
Bennington	11	10	At Bennington
Drury	19	27	Boys' Club
St. Joseph	19	36	Armory

Individual Scoring

	Games	Basket	Foul Points	Total	Average per game
Vaccaro, f.	16	34	18	86	5.4
Fetherston, c.	8	16	7	39	4.9
Woitkoski, g., f.	16	16	8	40	2.5
Nilan, g., c.	16	12	14	38	2.4
Madden, g.	13	13	5	31	2.4
Flaherty, g.	8	10	4	24	3.0
McGivern, f.	8	6	7	19	2.4
Curtin, f.	4	4	6	14	3.5
Allen, c.	10	5	3	13	1.3
Spasyk, f.	12	3	1	7	0.6
Arpanti, f.	4	2	0	4	1.0
Melinsky, c, g.	6	1	2	4	0.7
Corrinet, f.	2	0	0	0	0
Cancilla, f.	2	0	0	0	0
Hermanski, g.	2	0	0	0	0
Hickey, f.	1	0	0	0	0
Dixon, f.	1	0	0	0	0

Roger O'Gara

The Hockey Team

The past winter saw the renewal of hockey as a high school sport. P. H. S. was represented by a sextet for the first time in many years.

Our hockey team, under the tutelage of Fred Beardsley, a man with considerable experience at the ice game, made a fine record. Seven games were played, five resulting in victories for our boys, while one was tied, and another lost. The Country Club varsity was the only puck aggregation to take the measure of Coach Beardsley's charges, and it must be remembered that the Country Club team was composed of players who have had much experience while our team was comparatively green. Victories were chalked up over such strong sextets as the Berkshire Industrial School, the Lenox School, and the Country Club Juniors.

Among the stars representing the Purple and White on the ice were Captain Gordon Walls, "Bob" Robertson, "Sub" Chiodo, "Ed" Johnson, and "Ray" Deblois.

The high schools in the Connecticut Valley are taking to hockey and it would not be at all surprising to see a fast high school puck league operating in this section next winter.

Roger O'Gara

St. Joseph's High Beats P. H. S. In City Series Opener

Coach Stewart's Purple and White basket tossers played their city rivals, St. Joseph's High, on even terms for the first half of the opening game of the city series on Saturday evening, March 7th, but they were no match for the Saints in the last sixteen minutes and went down to a 36-19 beating. Fourteen hundred fans sat in on the opening tilt of the annual classic.

George "Red" Pleau, substitute forward on the parochial school five, was given a chance to display his wares because of the fact that Grady and Boyd were unable to compete due to injuries, and he proceeded to score 17 points and ruin our chances for the first city championship in seven years. Pleau dropped in seven floor goals, many of them sensational shots, and also counted three times from the fifteen foot line.

Coach St. James' charges held a bare 16-15 lead at the half but put on new speed in the second half to win easily.

The playing of the erstwhile Pleau, Cassella, and Vickery was outstanding for the winners while "Joe" Nilan and "Jack" Madden performed in creditable fashion for our team.

The score:

ST. JOSEPH'S	B	F	TP	P. H. S.	B	F	TP
Pleau, l.f.	7	3	17	Woitkoski, l.g.	1	2	4
Furey, l.f.	2	0	4	Madden, r.g.	1	1	3
O'Donnell, l.f.	0	0	0	Nilan, c.	3	0	6
Cassella, c.	4	2	10	Vaccaro, l.f.	2	0	4
Gasson, r.g.	1	1	3	Spasyk, r.f.	1	0	2
Vickery, l.g.	1	0	2	Arpanti, r.f.	0	0	0
	15	6	36		8	3	19

Referee: Fahey; Umpire: Fasce.

Time: 8 minute quarters.

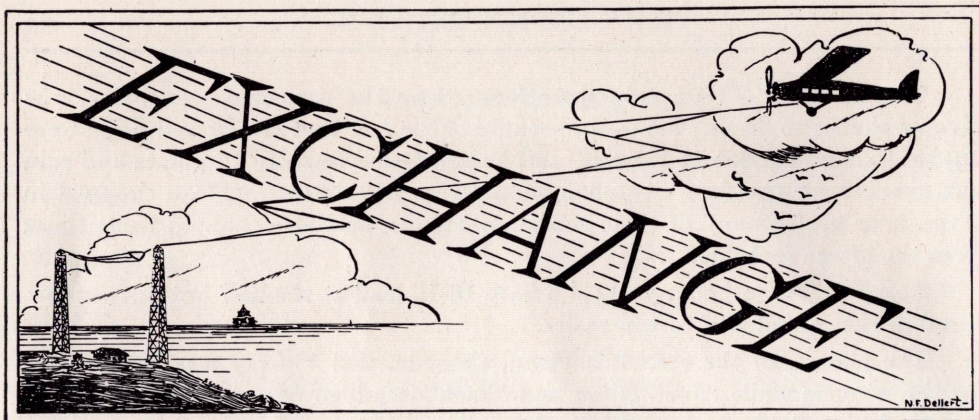
Roger O'Gara

Baseball Prospects

Now that the basketball season has ended, P. H. S. athletic followers are looking forward to a successful baseball season. It is hoped that more attention will be paid to the diamond sport this year because of the fact that the team will have a good playing surface on the Common and also because the city will not be represented by a professional team. Last year all of the home games were played at the General Electric Field and for that reason the student attendance was very small, but now that the Common is available again, the student body should turn out in large numbers.

Seven lettermen from last year's nine, which finished in a tie with Dalton for second place, will be on hand. They are Captain "Jack" Madden, "Joe" Nilan, Lloyd Engle, Floyd Hinckley, Eddie Hickey, "Stan" Andruciewicz, and O'Gara.

Hickey and Hinckley are the boys who made such fine records as sophomores last year. Captain Madden pastimes at third base and is rated as one of the best infielders in the county. "Joe" Nilan and Lloyd Engle are both capable first sackers and hard hitters. For this reason it is expected that one of them will be shifted to the outfield. Hickey and Hinckley are expected to be the regular battery. Andruciewicz also can take a turn on the mound. It is expected that many other capable performers will be out for the team and every indication points to a successful season.



We have selected *The Bennett Beacon* from Bennett High School, Buffalo, N. Y., for our first comments of the month. The colonial issue was unusually interesting, amusing, and original. The cuts are very well drawn.

Next we peruse *The Exponent* from Greenfield, Mass. We like the makeup of this newspaper. The editorials, especially, are good but we noticed no exchange column.

The Garnet and White, published by the students of West Chester High School in West Chester, Pennsylvania has some well-written editorials. "Linger, Look, and Laugh" is a very cleverly written department.

From Boston, Mass., we have the *English High School Record*, a fine magazine which we always enjoy. A few more good stories would contribute greatly to the value of your publication but the poetry is very good. Where is your Exchange column?

The literary department of the *St. Joseph's Prep Chronicle* is extraordinary. The stories, athletics, and alumni departments are just "tip-top."

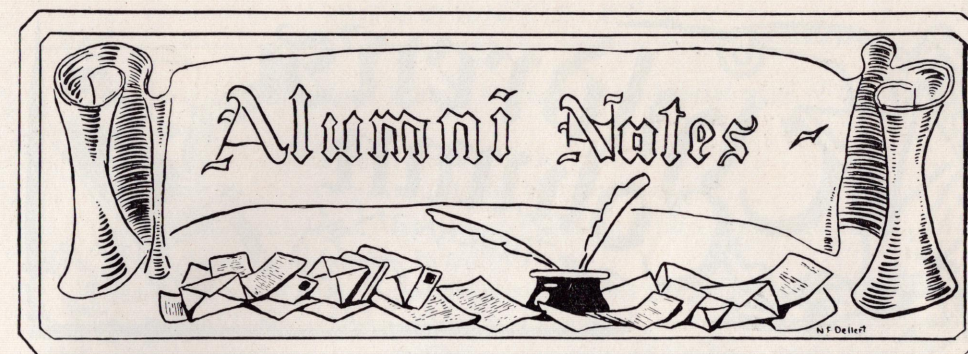
The Owl from Hudson High School is a well arranged newspaper filled with interesting and instructive articles. The book reviews deserve special commendation.

The Taconic from Williamstown (Mass.) High School has some good stories and editorials but the art department could be improved considerably.

Another Berkshire County publication which we always welcome is *The Green and Gold Leaf* which is edited by the students of Williams High School in Stockbridge, Mass. The contents of the Winter issue as a whole are good especially the poetry and editorials. We wonder if the Cross Word Puzzle, which you publish, is popular with the student body.

The poetry in the Beverly High School *Aegis* is not as good as the other departments.

North Andover, Mass. sent us a copy of *The Johnson Journal* which has an Exchange editor but no exchanges.



'29 Donald Hayn is a student at the General Electric Apprentice School in Pittsfield.

Charles V. Kazmersky is a student at the Wharton School of Finance of the University of Pennsylvania.

Roger G. Nicholls is a member of the Beta Theta Pi Fraternity at Wesleyan University.

Verona Shaw is a student at Skidmore College in Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Emma Jones is a secretary in the regulator department of the local General Electric plant.

Dwight Campbell is a bookkeeper at the Pittsfield-Third National Bank.

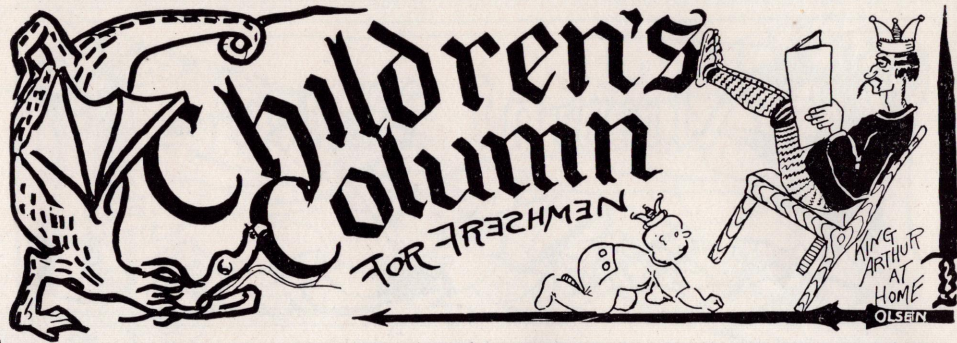
Helen Barton recently broadcast from station W.M.B.A. in Newport, Rhode Island, in a program sponsored by three Boston University students.

'28 James McKenna and Graham Martineau, former members of the Debating Club, are students at the Bentley School of Finance in Boston, Mass. McKenna is a member of the freshman debating team.

Reuben Katz is a student at Williams College in Williamstown.

'27 Helen Finn recently posed for a cover for the *Ladies Home Journal*. While in her senior year at P. H. S., she was elected prettiest girl.

George Loveless, recently won a scholarship to cover his junior and senior years at the University of Pennsylvania. He is coxswain of the 'varsity crew and a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity. While at P. H. S., he was vice president of his class and a Hi-Y member.



A Fairy Story

well children i have got a new typewriter, no edgar i am not swearing why the very idea. and edgar i don't think you're supposed to nail on the ribbon either. maybe you shouldn't have done it.

now children if you will pick up the keys as they fall off i will tell you a few things which everyone should know the typewriter was invented in 1488 by a chinaman named galileo who always forgot to cross his t's and died later trying to type a period upside down. his son marco polo studied twenty years and finally came to the conclusion that an ordinary period looks like this (.), while a period upside down looks like this (.). some great men believe he was wrong. personally edgar i think they are both sideways.

typewriters are used to throw at mice and to fill out deficiencies and often bounce a foot when dropped on a hardwood floor. however children don't drop one in p. h. s. because it would probably go through and hit the janitor in the basement or on the head and then who would prop up the stairs?

uncle jimmie

The Book Lover's Column (For Sophisticated Freshmen)

The Ant and the Grasshopper

It was a wild and stormy night off the west coast of Scotland. Great black clouds swept across a dark and threatening sky. A shrieking, howling gale lashed them into a boiling frenzy. Mountainous waves dashed high and bounded against the rockbound shore.

This first paragraph has nothing to do with the story. For that matter there was also a strong trade wind in Zanzibar and a big snowstorm in Peru, Mass.

The ant in this narrative, gentle sophomores, is not a female relation, labors all summer rounding corners for the city. He is thrifty and industrious, works hard when the foreman is looking at him, and saves seventeen cents a week.

The grasshopper, on the other hand, is his exact counterpart. A handsome six footer with special landing gear, shock absorbers, and a carefree disposition, he often stays out until half past nine matching pennies, and frequently indulges in root beer and egg phosphates. He smokes cigarettes, drinks Onot Lake water, and eats Hashem's sliced meat.

The ant, hoping the grasshopper will see the error of his ways, frequently reads Muzzey's History to him, but to no avail. He sinks deeper and deeper.

Then one day, in a fit of frenzy, he reads the editorial page of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

That is the last straw.

Of course he dies the next day.

The ant, meanwhile had put all of his money into a savings bank. If he left it in, the bank has probably failed by now.

To conduct a really intelligent discussion of this story, the really sophisticated freshman should buy a really good copy of the book, throw it out of a really open window, and really hope it doesn't hit a policeman on the head when it lands.

Last Words of Famous Men

Nathan Hale: "I regret that I have but one life to give to my country."

Webster: "Zymotic, Zgmurgy, Zythum."

* * * *

Teacher: "Who made that noise?"

Tower: "It must have been Purnell. He looks sheepish."

Purnell: "Bah! You're just trying to make me the goat."

* * * *

Mr. Smith: "Damrosch! What a man."

Eby: "What's wrong, Mr. Smith. What have you against-er-Rosch anyhow?"

* * * *

Mr. Russell: "I'll have some monoaceticacidester of solicylicacid."

Druggist: "Do you mean aspirin?"

Mr. Russell: "Yes, that's it. I never can remember that name."

* * * *

Vomvilas (to waiter): "Roast chicken. Very young, in fact extremely young."

Langdon: "Bring him an egg."

* * * *

Boxer: "What are you doing with your socks inside out?"

Michelson: "My feet got hot so I turned the hose on them."

* * * *

Girl-friend: "It's after midnight Do you think you can stay all night?"

Schacte: "I don't know. I'll call my mother and find out."

Mr. Henessey: "What is Darwin's theory?"

G. Hoyt: "Monkey business."

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

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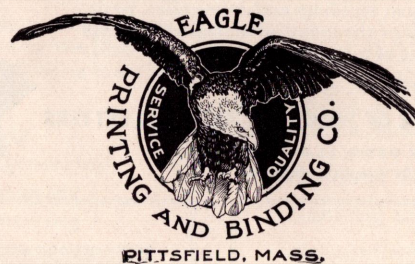
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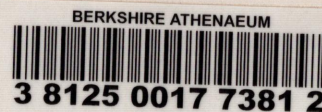
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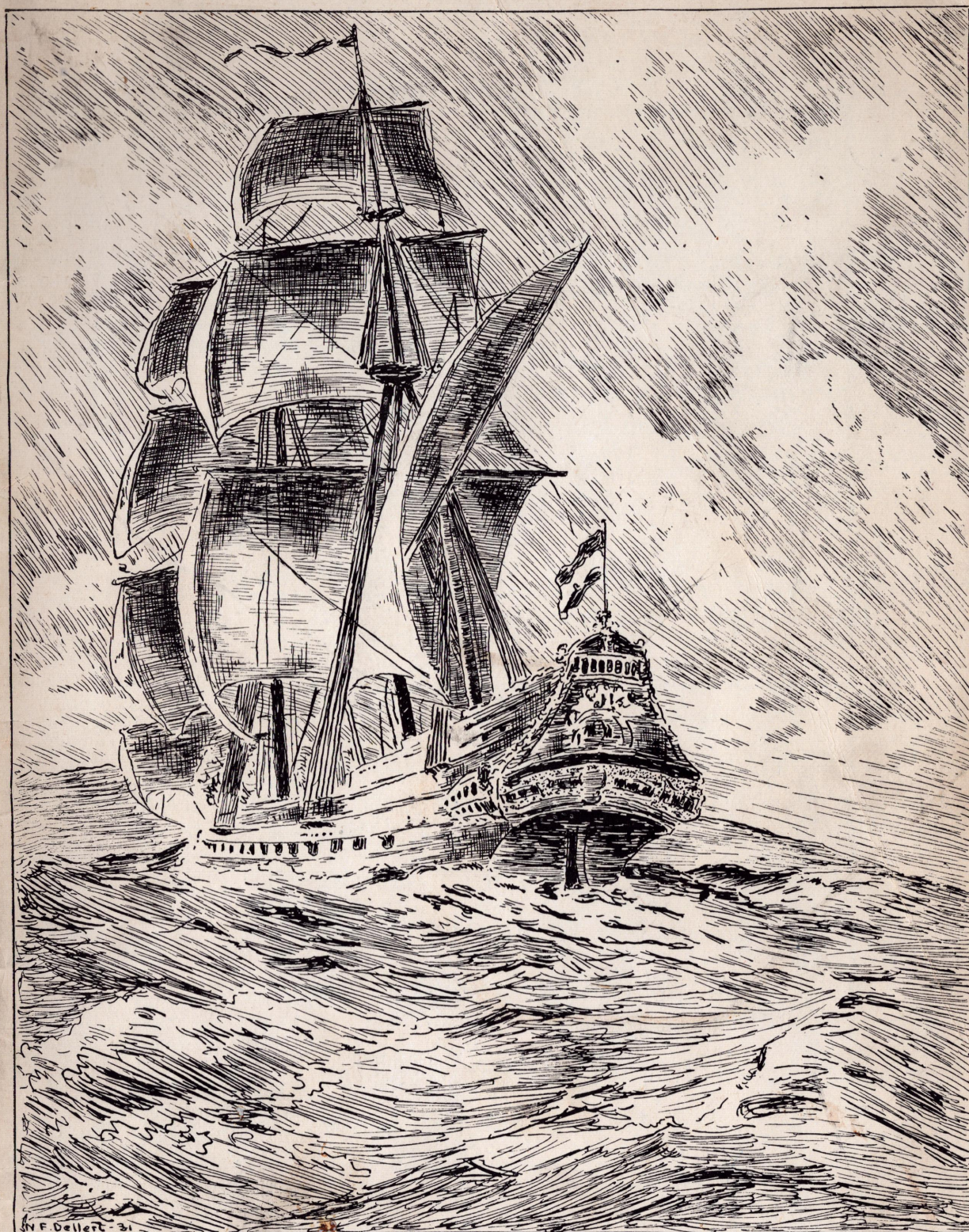
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